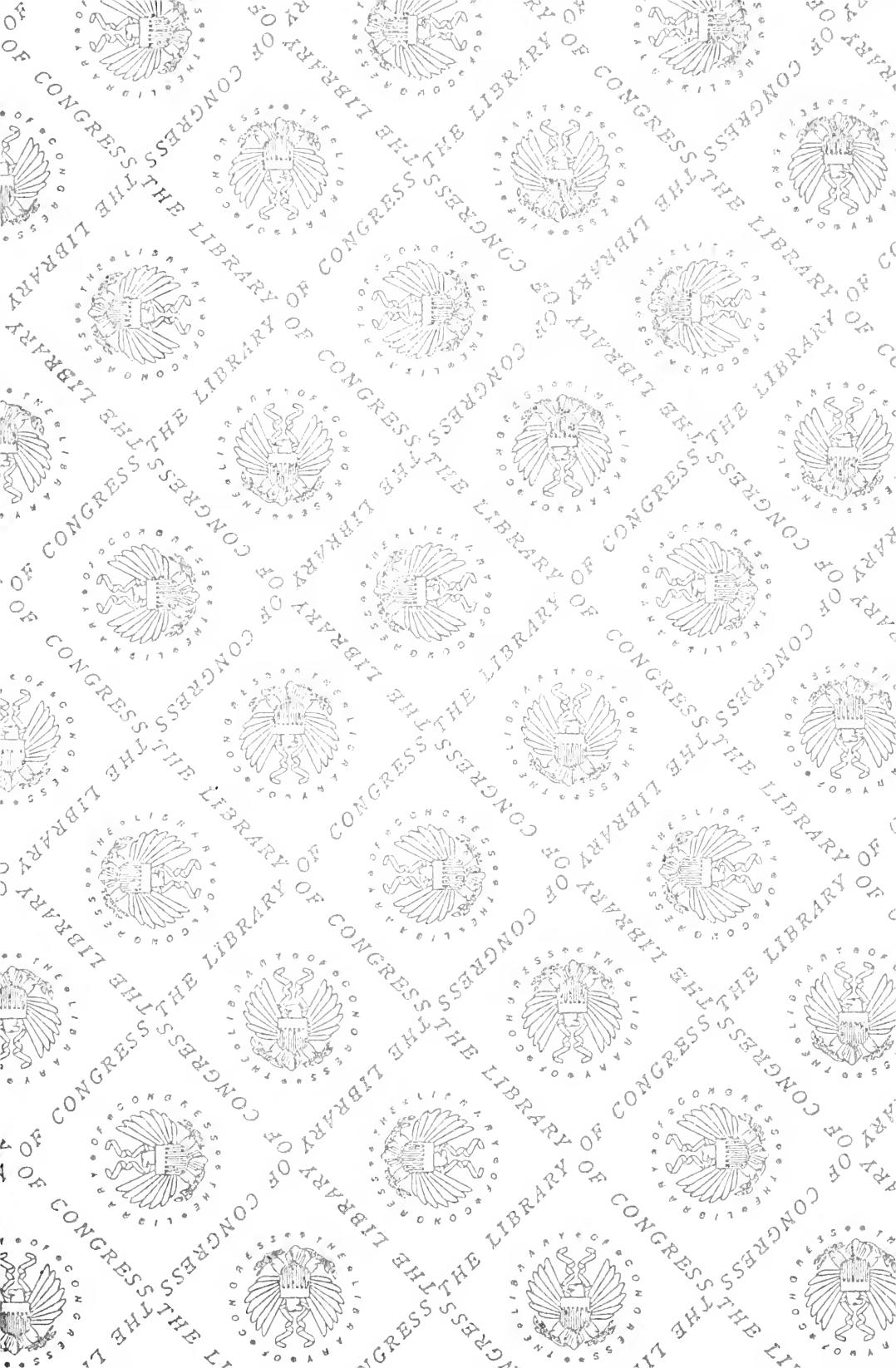


PS 3507

0756 115

1913



THE WITMARK STAGE PUBLICATIONS

The Hired Girl's Dream

Novel and Original Playlet for
Children or Grown-Ups

IN ONE ACT

BY
CHARLES
NOEL DOUGLAS

PRICE 25 CENTS

M. WITMARK & SONS

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

London

Paris

Melbourne

COMIC STORIES AND TALES

EDITION DE LUXE. (Illustrated by Keller.)

"CASEY AT THE BAT."

The recitation made famous by that well-known comedian, DE WOLF HOPPER.

No matter what role Mr. Hopper is playing or in what part of the country he is, his audience always calls for "CASEY."

The universal demand for an edition exactly as recited by Mr. Hopper induced us to issue one that is absolutely correct.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

"COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES."

An Absurdity for Story Tellers. By Frank Dumont

In relating this tale the entertainer shows how his old friend, who is the chief officer of a prominent organization, endeavors to "pop the question" to a buxom widow. He starts off all right, and is getting along famously when he suddenly becomes excited and incoherent, and before he or the fair damsel, at whose feet he is prostrated, realizes what's what, he finds himself alternating the lines of his proposal with the speech he prepared to deliver before his organization. The "confusion" that follows is most original in conception and cleverly worked out. The right novelty for a bright monologist.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

"HOW I DIED AT SAN JUAN."

An Eccentric Narrative. By Frank Dumont.

An "absolutely different" monolog or story from everything else published. The entertainer wanders through a "dream" of the species "pipe" and tells some of the most fantastical experiences and achievements imaginable. The surprise finish to this vivid description cannot fail to create vociferous enthusiasm and laughter.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

"THE CRUSHED ACTOR," YOU CAN'T KILL HIM.

A Screamingly Funny Interlude

Arranged by Frank Dumont.

CAST.

Mr. Golddust Gotrox.

Lucy Gotrocks.

Footlight Barnstormer, a reduced actor.

Chrisfield Moke, a crab and fish vender.

A most excellent comedy sketch for two comedians, one soubrette and one leading man.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

M. WITMARK & SONS

87 Witmark Bldg.

New York

POSITIVELY NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

The Hired Girl's Dream

Novel and Original Playlet for Children or
Grown-Ups

IN ONE ACT

By
CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS



PUBLISHED BY

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON PARIS MELBOURNE

Copyright MCMXIII by M. WITMARK & SONS
International Copyright Secured

13501
10736

SYNOPSIS

Bridget, a hired girl given to dreaming and to the destruction of dishes, and disgusted with her position in life, shows her displeasure by abusing the furniture, pots, and pans, or any article intrusted to her care. One evening after the dishes are done, Bridget, unusually tired and disgruntled, falls asleep and dreams that the much-abused kettles and cans, etc., appear before her in a body to decide upon the vengeance they threaten shall overtake her.

One of the greatest novelties known to the stage, this little playlet is brimming with interest.

Duration of Play: Thirty or forty minutes.

Time: Present.

The scene is laid in a kitchen of the ordinary type. No attempt at scenery is necessary. A plain sheet stretched across stage or parlor will suffice. A large number of characters are introduced, so that a great many children or grown-ups can take part in the presentation of this piece. On the other hand, the piece can be given by a small cast, omitting the speeches allotted to some of the kitchen utensils and household furniture. Any one of average intelligence can adjust this, and the play will be in no wise injured by this pruning. Particularly where plays are presented by school children, a large number of characters are usually desired, and for this reason a great many characters have been introduced into "The Hired Girl's Dream." The policeman and Queen of Bad Dreams are the only characters that need to be costumed. Bridget can be played neatly or as a slattern, at the performer's discretion.

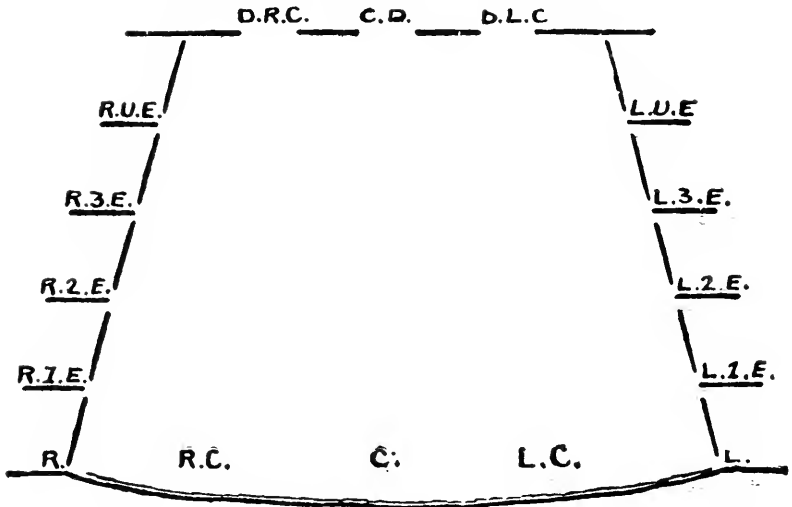
✓

DIRECTIONS

Those portraying kitchen utensils and furniture can wear a piece of cardboard suspended from the neck by tape or string. On each cardboard or sign, the character represented by the performer can be printed in bold black letters. A professional company would be able, of course, to costume the characters of chair, piano, stove, etc. For home or school entertainment this would probably be impossible. Some of the performers may, however, be ingenious enough to manufacture articles of papier-mache, to represent the characters, and thus heighten the realistic effect of the production. It would be easy, for instance, to make a tea kettle that would fit on the performer's head, likewise a frying pan, mirror, knife and fork, potato masher, etc. These and all other articles could be made in miniature. This is left to the discretion of the performers.

NOTE.—The acting rights of this playlet are expressly reserved by the publishers, to whom theatrical managers and performers who wish to produce it should apply. Amateur representation may be made without such application and without charge.

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



AUDIENCE.

- L. 1. E.—Left first entrance.
- R. 1. E.—Right first entrance.
- L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
- C.—Centre of stage.
- R. C.—Right centre of stage.
- L. C.—Left centre of stage.
- C. D.—Centre door.
- D. R. C.—Door right centre.
- D. L. C.—Door left centre.

CHARACTERS

BRIDGET	A hired girl given to dreaming, and to the destruction of dishes. In love with Mike.
BEDELIA	A waitress, Bridget's rival for Mike's affections.
MRS. SLAVE DRIVER	Bridget's mistress. All that her name implies.
NIGHTMARE QUEEN	The evil sprite of Slumberland.
OFFICER MALONEY.	In love with Bridget. Divided between love and duty.

Representatives of Parlor

CLOCK	Given to striking.
PIANO	Upright and tony, but often unstrung.
MIRROR	Given to reflection.
STOVE	Sporty and fond of going out nights.
MORRIS CHAIR . .	A chair with a grievance, sat on as usual.
FOLDING BED . . .	The butt of lying people.
LAMP	Addicted to smoking.
PICTURE	That objects to being hung.
CARPET	Enslaved and trodden under-foot.
LOUNGE	Objects to set-tea.

Representatives of Kitchen

KETTLE	A vocal expert, given to singing.
ROLLING PIN . . .	A high roller.
PLATTER	All broken up as usual.
KNIFE AND FORK .	On edge and desirous of cutting their friends.
FRYING PAN . . .	With an objection to hot fat.
POTATO MASHER .	On the mash.
BROOM	Ready for a clean sweep.

The Hired Girl's Dream

At rise of curtain, Bridget is discovered in center of stage, with a rolling pin in her right hand, a plate in her left, and a dish towel thrown over her left arm. At the back of her is a kitchen table and chair. While Bridget is talking she can polish the plate with the towel, placing the rolling pin under her left arm while doing so, or on a chair. She can breathe on the plate as if trying to get an extra good polish, occasionally sneeze on it, and give it a rub on her hip. One's sense of comedy will suggest a great deal of funny business that can be produced with the aid of the rolling pin and platter during Bridget's somewhat lengthy speech. If Bridget is a talented actress her speech will not be too long. If this character is represented by a person of mediocre ability, the speech can be cut to half its present length without injuring the performance.

BRIDGET.

A hired girl's life is a pretty tough lot,
Standing all day o'er a range red hot.
Broiling a steak or cooking a stew,
With the temp-erature a hundred and two.
Oh, this hustling pots, and juggling pans,
Is tough on the Bridgets and Mary Anns.
They say that we reign in a world serene,
The uncrowned queens of the soup tureen.
I'm Empress of frying pan, skillet, and pot,
And a lot of other nonsensical rot,
Alone in a world, that no one approaches,
Realm of toil, and grease, and roaches.
I did have a friend, he called me his pearl,
But he threw me down for the upstairs girl.
'Tis a subject I prefer not to broach,
As it tugs at my heart—oh, drat that roach!
(Hammers floor with rolling pin)

Honest, them things, they give me a fright—
Thought he'd dodged me, but I soaked him, all
right.

*(Picks roach off rolling pin; throws
it on floor and stamps on it.)*

We've millions of these, and Missus, oh, my!
Kicks 'cause she finds them in soup and in pie.
As if such trifles was cause for a kick.
Honest, them Missuses make me sick.
Her kicks I scorn, and say, as I face her,
I'm not engaged as no cockroach chaser.
The things they expects of a hired girl—say,
Would turn your hair white in a single day.
If a burglar's hid upstairs 'neath a bed,
Bridget grabs him, and gets pumped full of lead.
When folks come with bills, it's really a crime,
It's "Missus is out," though she's in all the time.
The bulldog bites me, and I drop like a log,
Then they swear the bite has poisoned the dog.
Here let me confess, and don't think me rude,
There ain't an inch of me Fido ain't chewed.
They're too mean to feed him, consequence he,
When rav'nous and hungry, dines off of me.
House full of comp'ny, I'm turned out of bed;
I sleep in the sink or the ice box instead.
I've heard it remarked, at least so I think,
'Tain't healthy to sleep with your head in the sink.
While there's so many roaches, this much is true,
There ain't room in the sink for them and me, too.
And, talking of food, the Missus is mean,
One lamb chop does as a meal for sixteen.
When dinner is o'er, Missus says—this is true—
You can have Fido's bones when Fido is through.
At polishing bones, say, Fido is deft;
When Fido gets through, there ain't very much
left.
It's toil, toil, toil, naught but slav'ry; oh, dear,
For sixteen a month, and one day off a year.

When the china I've smashed, it is docked from
my pay,

There ain't much in wages a-coming my way.
Folks think we've a snap; but say, at a pinch,
The hired girl's life, bet your life, ain't a cinch.

(Yawns)

I can feel that tired feeling begin to approach,
I was born tired and sleepy—drat that roach!

*(Makes swiipe for roach with rolling
pin, hitting the floor several times, and
running hither and thither)*

Got him, you bet—my, but didn't he fly;
There's one roach, at least, they won't find in the
pie.

If Mickey, the cop, hadn't gone back on me,
In a home of my own, perchance, I might be.

(Cries and brushes tears into plate)

Never thought that plate would catch tears of
mine.

(Rubs plate vigorously)

Well, nothing like tears to make a plate shine.

Roaches in millions round them could tear,

Dishes stay dirty for aught that I'd care.

Sleep day and night, that's all that I'd do.

And work? *(Yawns)* well, Mickey, I'd leave that
to you. *(Sits down)*

And this joy might be mine, life one blissful whirl,
But love's dream's been spoiled by the upstairs
girl.

Let me sleep and forget—sleep, I don't dare;

Whenever I sleep, I get the nightmare.

Then furniture, dishes, and all come to haunt me,
Parlor and kitchen rise up to taunt me.

Meetings they hold and fiercely denounce me;

The rolling pin comes and starts in to trounce me.

The worst part of all, the part I dislike,

The upstairs girl walks off with my Mike.

But sleep I must, kind Providence, pray,

Night mares and night horses, keep out of my way.

(Falls fast asleep and snores, with rolling pin in one hand and plate in the other)

(Enter Furniture and Kitchen Utensils.)

(Performers representing furniture enter from right. Kitchen articles from left. All enter on tip-toe, and surround Bridget and shake fists at her. Parlor clock takes center to the right of Bridget.)

PARLOR CLOCK

Friends of parlor and kitchen, I've just struck.

ROLLING PIN

You're always striking.

PARLOR CLOCK

That's just my luck.

I only struck one, not much, you'll agree.

FRYING PAN

Only struck one, glad that *one* wasn't me.

PLATTER

Into family matters I'd rather not delve,
Glad I wasn't round when you struck twelve.

PARLOR CLOCK

Good friends, this meeting to order I call.

ALL

The clock will preside by vote of us all.

PARLOR CLOCK

Friends, I thank you for the honor conferred,
You've made me chairman, and I give my word,
To do my best in this hour bewitchin',
To uphold the dignity of parlor and kitchen.

MORRIS CHAIR

Dignity! Kitchen! what rot!

FRYING PAN

That's a snub;

If shy on dignity, we've got the grub.
For style the parlor I know can't be beat.

KNIFE

What good is style, when you've nothing to eat.

PARLOR CLOCK

Order, dear friends, pray, let silence reign.

MORRIS CHAIR

Friends!

PARLOR CLOCK

Morris be silent.

MORRIS CHAIR

Sat on again.

ALL

Respect the chair's orders, or business you'll
block.

MORRIS CHAIR (pointing at clock)

Fudge! he's not a chair, he's only a clock.

PARLOR CLOCK

We've met here, dear friends, to-night to protest
At the way that we're treated; I'm much dis-
tressed

At the villainous way the hired girl behaves.

*(Bridget snorts and squirms uneasily
in her chair)*

She treats us as though we were nothing but
slaves.

All the year round I keep ticking away,

No rest for me; do you call that fair play?

LOUNGE

Go on strike.

PARLOR CLOCK

I do every hour, day and night.

MORRIS CHAIR

If I'd your hands, I'd put up a stiff fight.

PARLOR CLOCK

Two hands I have, and they add to my charms,
But what use are hands without any arms?

LAMP

Quit working at once, the time business drop.

MORRIS CHAIR

When he gets wound up, he simply can't stop,

THE HIRED GIRL'S DREAM

11

PARLOR CLOCK

Rolling Pin, please, strict order maintain.

ROLLING PIN

Morris, I'll swat you.

MORRIS CHAIR

Sat on again.

PARLOR CLOCK

But what breaks my heart and makes me aghast,
The folks in the house declare that I'm fast.

This fact to the world I proudly proclaim:
My morals are perfect.

ALL

It's a shame, shame, shame.

PARLOR CLOCK

To be accused thus, now, honest, I won't;
The stove goes out nights, but believe me I don't.
I stay on the mantelpiece, good as can be.

STOVE

What's that, Mr. Clock, you said about me?
Attacking my character. It's a disgrace.
Retract, Mr. Clock, or I'll alter your face.

(Puts up hands in fighting attitude)

ALL

Order, pray, order; such talk is a sin.

KETTLE

Just like the Clock he's bound to chime in.
If your feelings are hurt, Friend Stove, I rise,
And here before all I apologize.

PIANO

Cease this discussion, it makes me unstrung.

PICTURE

Friends, let's have peace.

MORRIS CHAIR

Its time you were hung.

PICTURE

Hung! I'm hung all my life to a miserable wall.

MORRIS CHAIR

Well, keep hanging on, and mind you don't fall.

PARLOR CLOCK (*To Morris Chair*)

From these rude remarks I wish you'd refrain.

ROLLING PIN

Morris, behave.

MORRIS CHAIR

Pshaw! sat on again.

PARLOR CLOCK

One grievance, and then, dear friends, I will quit;
Though I go day and night, I don't move a bit,
I've hands and a face, but misery's dregs
I've drained to the depths, because I've no legs.
The meanest injustice that's under the sun,
They give me no legs, yet insist that I run.
The chairs, the lounge with exquisite gall,
Have four legs apiece, and don't move at all.
Excuse me, dear friends, while these tears I shed.
(*Weeps*)

MORRIS CHAIR

Don't mind the clock, he's got wheels in his head.

FRYING PAN

To insult the clock's a shame and disgrace.

MORRIS CHAIR

I tell you all straight I don't like the clock's face.

ALL

Shame, Morris Chair, your talk is too free.

MORRIS CHAIR

That's always the case, they all *sit on me*.

PARLOR CLOCK

One second, dear friends, and then I'll be through
I've a grievance that makes me so terribly blue.
A rag, Bridget digs each morn from its place,
And rubs that old rag all over my face,
And every eighth day she gets an old key,
And jabs that iron weapon clean into me.
Right in my "innards" the mis'erable sinner
Hurt—I should guess, I can't keep down my
dinner.

ALL

The practice is cruel, wicked, unlawful.

PARLOR CLOCK

It gives me "dyspepsee," too, something awful.

The cause of my torture lies there a snoring.

ALL

Our troubles and woes idly ignoring.

PARLOR CLOCK

Bridget let's censure by unanimous vote,

The wickedest human on land or afloat.

ALL (*surround Bridget threateningly, shaking their fists at her*)

From the face of nature let Bridget be cleaned,

Bridget the monster, the terror, the fiend.

(*Resume original positions*)

PARLOR CLOCK

The piano now will the meeting address.

PIANO

I'm known to you all, dear friends, and I guess,

Of the parlor I am the monarch and king.

MORRIS CHAIR

You're stuck on yourself, you noisy old thing.

PIANO

To needless discussion, pray let's have a truce,

Music, not noise, sir, is what I produce.

I'm upright and tony, and give myself airs,

Superior far, to mere tables and chairs.

While kitchen utensils must toil all the day,

And furniture likewise, I do naught but play.

TABLE

Play in the parlor at once should be barred,

If he wants to play let him play in the yard.

FOLDING BED

This play, play, play simply gives me a pain.

FRYING PAN

Silence, there, folding bed.

FOLDING BED

I'm shut up again.

PIANO

In my interior melody lingers
 Harmony springs from a lady's fair fingers,
 My action is perfect and so is my tone,
 My polish is French, I come from a zone,
 Or rather a realm, the royal realm of Art.

MORRIS CHAIR (*Contemptuously*)

I saw that piano yanked out of a cart.
 And *he's* no cause to put on any airs.
 Took six men to boost the piano upstairs.
 And the way that he wobbled, 'twas last October,
 It didn't strike me as though he was sober.
 His royal realm of art I'll permit you to scan,
 Furniture wagon, and an instalment man.
 Art and polish, what presumption, what cheek,
 You can buy *him* for a dollar a week.
 And to prove his principles are not right
 He puts his old dark-keys above the white.

PARLOR CLOCK

Order, order, from abuse please refrain,

ROLLING PIN

Morris, be silent.

MORRIS CHAIR

Sat on again.

PIANO

A few more remarks, and then I will close,
 I have my troubles, they're fierce goodness knows.
 Bridget, the hired girl, in manner unlawful,
 Hammers my keys, and sings simply awful.
 All rules of music religiously scorning,
 She plays: "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,"
 Uses both fists, she takes all the medals,
 Beats time too with both feet on the pedals.
 Bridget the hired girl's a fraud and a meddler,

MORRIS CHAIR

By the way she plays, I guess she's a *peddler*.

PARLOR CLOCK

Let's all in chorus the hired girl denounce.

(All gather round Bridget threateningly)

Wretch! Villain! Monster! Fiend! you'll get the bounce.

(Bridget groans and wiggles in chair)

PARLOR CLOCK

On the mirror now for a speech I call.

MIRROR

For your kindness, thanks, dear friends, one and all.

Troubles I have beyond your conception,
 Studious I am and giv'n to *reflection*.
 I've no legs or arms, locomotion's denied,
 And so to a shelf all my life I am tied.
 And what makes my life full of grim misery,
 Not a soul in the house but stares straight at me.

MORRIS CHAIR

What! stare at a homely old guy like you?

MIRROR

Withhold your remarks, sir, until I am through.
 It upsets me quite to be stared at so,
 But what strikes me as the cruelest blow,
 That hired girl, Bridget, each morning at six,
 Her wretched nose up against me sticks.
 I try hard to run and 'phone the police,
 But I'm helplessly nailed to that old mantel-
 piece,
 While Bridget before me squirms and grimaces,
 Making all sorts of hideous faces,
 "When it comes to beauty," she'll say joyfully,
 "There ain't no flies p'rambulating on me."
 Then off she trips with this sarcastic fling,
 "Oh, ain't the mirror a 'gilty' old thing."
 O'er her your hands in anathema stretch.

ALL

(Surround Bridget threateningly)

Bridget, the villain, the monster, the wretch.

MORRIS CHAIR

Bridget is right, and though blood may be spilt,
I contend that the mirror shows plainly its *gilt*.

MIRROR

This insult, sir, I just won't abide it.

MORRIS CHAIR

Your gilt all can see, and you cannot hide it.

LAMP

Good, Morris Chair, that's a capital joke.
If no one objects, say, I'll take a smoke.

PARLOR CLOCK

No smoking allowed, or there will be vi'lence.

LAMP

I won't smoke *aloud*, I'll just smoke in silence.

STOVE

As a smoker, you're an inferior type,
He smokes an old chimney, I smoke a pipe.

KETTLE

This trivial jesting just makes me boil,
The lamp is in league with the Standard Oil.

LAMP

Friends, I resent this most insolent fling.

MORRIS CHAIR

He's full of wicks, he's a wicked old thing.

LAMP

Well, I could throw light on the subject in hand.

ROLLING PIN

Yes, Oil Trust light, we all understand.

PARLOR CLOCK

Oh, come, Mr. Stove, now this riot is through;
We'd like to have some remarks, sir, from you.

STOVE

I won't say much, but bet every dollar,
I'm red hot and mad right under the collar.
I'm a hot proposition, real warm babee.

MORRIS CHAIR

That's why you go out at nights, too, maybe.
I heard Bridget say that you *sparked* all the time.

POTATO MASHER

Like me, he's a masher, I'll bet every dime.

STOVE

For that rude remark you need a good thrashing.
I'm constantly ashing, but never mashing.
And if I did mash, well, just bet your gaiters,
I wouldn't waste time a-mashing potatoes.

(All laugh)

POTATO MASHER

Missus oft raises me up in her hand,
And then on the head of Bridget I land.
On occasions like that by hook or by crook,
I don't mash potatoes, I mash the cook.

PARLOR CLOCK

Keep order, Rolling Pin, order restore.
Proceed, Mr. Stove, interruptions ignore.

STOVE

My grievance is this, on my system it jars,
I have to smoke coal, while preferring cigars.
And though doing my best (and this makes me
tired),
Every day of my life by Bridget I'm fired.
I rise in rebellion, my soul is aflame.

PARLOR CLOCK

Let's all censure Bridget.

ALL

Shame, monster, shame.

*(Characters gather round Bridget,
and raise hands in imprecation, and
then resume positions as before)*

MORRIS CHAIR

I move that the lounge doth now set-tea

LOUNGE

Don't work that old chestnut, sir, off on me,
Set-tea: that remark stabs me like a knife,
I've had to set-tea all the days of my life.
This settee business fills me full of dread.

MORRIS CHAIR

If you won't set tea, set coffee instead.

PARLOR CLOCK

The Lounge will favor us now with a speech.

LOUNGE

Now I don't want to scold, and I don't want to preach,

But honest, my life is plumb full of woes,
Listening to folks who come here to propose.

And listen I must, for immediately

The old folks retire, they all squat on me,
And do their love making; each word I can hear,
And honest it makes my insides feel so queer.

It's "darling" and "dovey" and "sweet popsy woo,"

"Honey" and "precious," and "'oo's baby is 'oo?"

And Bridget, at intervals, sneaks in the cop,
And down upon me those common folks flop,

The way that they spoon is sickening to see,
And Bridget she kisses him right before me.

I cannot set tea or set coffee to-day,

I'll just have to lounge in my usual way,

And bid you to join me in this imprecation.

ALL (*approaching Bridget threateningly*)

Bridget, fiend, pest, disgrace to the nation.

PARLOR CLOCK

I call on the carpet its sorrows to tell,

CARPET

Such sorrows as mine, naught but death can dispel,

The chair complains that it's sat on, but see,
The folks in the house wipe their feet upon me.

I'm trod on and helpless, nailed to the floor,
But what makes me furious, what makes me sore,

I'm thrifty and save all the dust that I can,
But Bridget, the wretch, twice yearly will plan

To steal my wealth, of my precious dust cheat me,
Hangs me 'cross a line, to death almost beats me.

Bridget's out for the dust.

MORRIS CHAIR

And she gets it, all right.

CARPET

I'm beaten and robbed, in a terrible plight.
Thus am I treated, one thought must console,
I'm the one thing on earth that comes next to
man's *sole*.

Friends, join with me, and from earth let us
thrust

The hired girl who beats me, and steals all my
dust.

ALL (*approaching Bridget threateningly*)

From the face of creation may Bridget be cleaned,
Villain, wretch, monster, lobster, and fiend.

MORRIS CHAIR

Can I tell my woes, my troubles reveal?

PARLOR CLOCK

'Tis useless for you to make any appeal.

You've arms and you've legs, you get pity from
none;

If you don't like your job, just fight, sir, or run.

Folding Bed, please, now from you let us hear.

FOLDING BED

Pardon, while I from my eyes wipe a tear;

You will ask why these tears are running so free,

'Tis because the folks all *lie about me*,

It gets on my nerves to have people lying

On me day and night, now, honest, it's trying.

And when I complain, to fill sorrow's cup,

Contemptible Bridget, she *shuts me right up*.

Her neck with a rope I'd just like to stretch.

ALL (*approaching Bridget threateningly*)

Bridget, villain, contemptible wretch.

PARLOR CLOCK

Our friends of the kitchen will speechify next.

Mr. Frying Pan, please.

FRYING PAN

My, but I'm vexed!

You talk of your troubles, you talk of your woes,
 But wait for a moment till mine I disclose.
 Bridget, the villain, she ought to be shot;
 She stands me all day on a range that's red hot,
 My shrill cries for mercy that wretched girl
 spurns,
 My poor skin she blisters with hideous burns,
 And just as I start in to call the police
 She fills me chock full of horrible grease.
 To have one's inside loaded up with hot fat—

ALL

'Tis a monstrous outrage! Bridget! Fiend! Cat!
 *(The last three words are spoken as
 characters surround Bridget)*

PLATTER

I guess that I can address the meeting,
 My life is short and time is fleeting.
 I'm only a dish, a poor, humble platter,
 And into fragments I shortly shall scatter.

STOVE

Don't let the dish talk, he's only a whiner.

MORRIS CHAIR

He's not a dish, he's a butt-in from China.

PLATTER

Down on the floor the hired girl she sticks me,
 And then the house cat, she comes and licks me,
 Though smothered in grease and ill-smelling fat,
 The washing I get is all done by the cat.
 And after I'm licked, my brief life it ceases,
 I'm smashed by Bridget in ten million pieces.
 I call on you, friends, to once more imprecate.

ALL *(approaching Bridget threateningly)*

Bridget, the monster, the tyrant we hate.

KETTLE

I guess that it's time that I did some shouting.
 My oratory's fine, 'cause I'm used to *spouting*;
 Boss of the kitchen by all I am deemed,
 Chock full of steam, that's why I'm esteemed,

And what makes me mad, what makes me boiling,
 After all day on the range I've been toiling,
 I start to sing, and sing fine, let me mention,
 But Bridget she pays not the slightest attention.
 And when I am singing like some candy kid,
 Bridget she butts in and knocks off my lid.
 That makes me mad, and my temper it spoils,
 Then over I boil.

MORRIS CHAIR

You're chock full of *boils*.

PARLOR CLOCK

Friend Kettle, your woes set our hearts all aflame.

ALL (*surrounding Bridget threateningly*)

Bridget, the villain, shame on you, shame.

POTATO MASHER

May I say a word?

PARLOR CLOCK

'Tater masher, stand clear.

ALL

We want no mashers, or dudes around here.

KNIFE

My indignation I'd like to uncork,
 I speak for myself and my wife, Mrs. Fork.
 I feel quite on *edge*, don't think me a butt-in,
 But my remarks will sharp be and *cuttin'*.
 When Bridget eats, in her mouth I am put,
 And every trip I go down quite a foot,
 Some day I'll be swallowed.

FORK

I'm grieved terriblee;
 Bridget, when eating, makes a toothpick of me.
 Our troubles and trials this heart of mine rends;
 If things don't improve, we'll *cut* all our friends.

PARLOR CLOCK

Bridget, your conduct deserves condemnation,
 You're a disgrace to the whole of creation.

BROOM

In most houses I go, I'm cruelly abused;

I'm rubbed on the floor, but here I'm not used.
 I'm stood 'gainst the wall and feel rather lonely,
 In this house, at least, I'm for ornament only.
 So, Bridget, though others are dying to spank you,
 The broom in this house has reason to thank you.
 For lack of respect, pray, do not accuse me,
 You're too lazy, by far, too dirty to use me.

(*Applause*)

All that you do is to snore and to whistle,
 Mend your ways or you'll bankrupt poor Mister
 Bissell.

LAMP

Friend Mr. Broom, say, your sarcasm's fine,
 Mine's *light labor*, too.

BROOM

Shut up, you're *a shine*.

LAMP

On the subject before us, may I *throw some light*?

MORRIS CHAIR

If you throw things here, there'll soon be a fight.

PARLOR CLOCK

Dear friends, this meeting will now soon adjourn,
 But first, ere it does, I would much like to learn
 What punishment we to the hired girl shall mete?

ALL

Place her 'neath a spell, then adjourn and retreat.

PARLOR CLOCK

On the Queen of bad dreams I solemnly call,
 To place Bridget at once 'neath her terrible thrall.
 (*Nightmare Queen enters right, she
 is dressed in the conventional costume
 of a witch, high conical hat, long black
 cloak; creepy music is played as she
 enters*)

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

Bridget, you hear this terrible sentence;
 Too late 'tis now, cruel wretch, for repentance.
 My sentence is this, and we'll carry it through,

May you be cut into bits and put in a stew ;
May you sit on a hot range, unable to shriek ;
Be fried to a cinder ten days every week.
The biscuits you bake, you mis'erable elf,
May you be compelled to eat them yourself.
The dishes you've broken, their number increases,
Barefooted may you have to walk on the pieces.
No more will the clock strike the hours that are
 sped,
'Twill change things around and strike Bridget
 instead.
Cross a line may you hang, you miserable cheat,
 you,
And the rolling pin will chastise you and beat you.
May each hair you've dropped in the soup,
 wretched sinner,
Be served to you next Sunday for dinner.
When you ride in the cars, may you ne'er get a
 seat ;
May corns big as duck's eggs sprout on your feet.
May you have ninety sweethearts (this ought to
 wilt you)
And every sweetheart scorn you and jilt you.
 you.
May you scrub kitchen floors ninety years without
 pay—
The dust on the floors growing deeper each day.
May each waist you buy split right up the back.
Each time you sit down, may you sit on a tack.
And, to make this curse especially strong,
I hope that the tack may be ninety feet long.
Wherever you go as summer approaches,
May you be followed by millions of roaches.
When salary day comes and payment is due,
May there never be more than three cents for you.
Every time that you try to lie down to sleep
May worms, toads, and lizards all over you creep.
May tarantulas sit on the lids of your eyes,

And fill your mouth full of spiders and flies.
 May elephants huge take a seat on your chest ;
 Night mares and night horses your slumbers molest.

May rattlesnakes make their nest in your ears,
 And prod your insides with long poisoned spears.
 But worst of all (at your heart this will strike),
 You shall watch Bedelia elope with your Mike.

ALL

Oh, that will be grand, let us see the fun, do.

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

You can see *them* but they cannot see *you*.

A wave of my wand, I bid them appear.

Maloney, Bedelia. Ah, see, they are here.

(Enter Mike Maloney and Bedelia, arm in arm left. Both deeply interested in each other. They pause left of center)

MIKE

Delia, darlint, you know that I love you,
 Into an auto I just want to shove you,
 And run you to church. I do, 'pon my life,
 Just yearn to make you my own darlint wife.

BEDELIA

Mickey, my darlint, your words they just thrill
 me,

If poor Bridget knew, I know she would kill me.

MIKE

Don't speak to me please, of that ignorant cratur.

BEDELIA

What! don't you love Bridget?

MIKE

Begobs, no ; I hate her.

We flirted a bit at various stages,
 The poor foolish goat gave me half her wages.
 With money I got from the ignorant thing
 I bought you this elegant gold wedding ring.

(Bridget screams, makes desperate ef-

fort to rise, and falls back in chair, snorting and groaning vigorously. Her eyes remain closed)

BEDELIA

What's that I hear? Sure, somebody's screaming.

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

'Tis only the hired girl, Bridget, a-dreaming.

Now for revenge, put the ring on her finger.

(Points to Bedelia)

MIKE

Darlint, my wife.

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

Go, no more need you linger.

(Waving wand)

Vanish, friends, all, and I'll wake up this fidget.

ALL *(gradually backing off stage)*

Good-by and bad luck to you, Bridget, Bridget.

(They scream the last two words, Bridget!)

(Furniture exits right, kitchen utensils left, shaking fists. Nightmare Queen exits with furniture)

(Bridget awakens gradually; writhes as though struggling to throw off the effects of her terrible dream. Blinks her eyes, and gasps for breath as though choking)

BRIDGET

I'm choking, choking, if I only could scream.

Oh, that horrible, terrible, wicked old dream!

(Screams and drops plate and rolling pin; plate smashes. Mrs. Slave Driver, Bridget's mistress, enters left)

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Bridget O'Hooligan, say, what does this mean?

Why are you making this riotous scene?

Carrying on in this terrible way;

That's the ninety-first platter you've smashed to-day!

BRIDGET

You stand there and ask me what does this mean,
I've had the night horses ; oh, the things that I've
seen !

Great big elephants sat right on my chest,
And in each of my ears was a rattlesnake's nest.
Then a wicked old witch, she cursed me, oh, my !
And pink-tailed monkeys ran spears in each eye.
I had a rhinoceros jump on my back,
And I sat all day on a ten-inch tack ;
And the clock and the furniture all went on a
strike ;

And Delia, the villain, eloped with my Mike.

(Weeps)

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Serves you just right, you should keep wide
awake,

Quit slothful dreaming, you deserve a good shake.
Burglars have burgled the house while you slept ;
The cat likewise to the icebox has crept,
And has eaten the steak I ordered for dinner.

You need a good thrashing *(To audience)*

I'd just like to skin her.

Of your mean, wretched ways I'm sick and I'm
tired.

Your trunk pack and go ; understand Miss, you're
fired.

BRIDGET

Fired, oh, dear ! I'm clean hoodooed to-day.

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Pack your trunk, Miss, at once ; and here's your
month's pay.

*(Hands Bridget money. Bridget stag-
gers and gasps)*

BRIDGET

What ! only ten cents !

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Yes, you ought to be thrashed.

"Fifteen-ninety's" deducted for plates that you've smashed.

Now, pack your trunk, quick, your engagement is through,

I've had all the sauce that I want from you.

(Exits left. Bridget sinks into chair by table)

BRIDGET

Honest, now honest, ain't that just a crime?

Turned out in the world with only a dime *(Cries)*

And then the mean thing says I ought to be thrashed.

What's china for, if it ain't to be smashed?

Oh, Mickey; what made you behave to me so?

Heart-broken, penniless, nowhere to go.

Oh, world, cruel world, my grief is intense;

Turned out on the streets and with only ten cents.

(Buries her head in hands and sobs loudly)

(Enter Mike Maloney left. Goes to table center, and leans over Bridget; caresses her hair)

MIKE

Bridget!

BRIDGET *(rising and indignantly pushing him from her)*

Cruel wretch, do not dare to come near.

MIKE

Why, what is the matter, sweet Bridget, my dear?

Tell me what ails you, is there no relief?

BRIDGET

Monster, don't come here to scoff at my grief.

Begone, false deceiver, go home to your wife.

MIKE

You're clean off your base, you are, 'pon my life.

BRIDGET

You married Bedelia, and think that is funny,

And you bought the ring, you scamp, with my money,

MIKE

Here's the ring, now, and this ring you must wear it. *(Producing ring)*

BRIDGET *(astonished)*

You're really not married?

MIKE

Honest, I swear it.

BRIDGET

But I saw you married.

MIKE

You're crazy, you're dreaming.

BRIDGET *(after a pause, as though in deep thought)*

The truth on my mind now slowly is gleaming.

But you flirted with Delia.

MIKE

I like your gall.

Cops never flirt, darlint; you're jealous, that's all.

Now, pack up your trunk, the minister's waiting,

And off to the church we'll quickly be skating.

BRIDGET

But the night mares and night horses?

MIKE

Leave them to hub.

If night mares chase you, they'll get soaked with a club. *(Shakes club)*

BRIDGET

Will you get a divorce if I smash dishes, Mike?

MIKE

I've bought dishes of iron, smash them if you like.

BRIDGET

If roaches appear, will you scold me and wail?

MIKE

I'll arrest them, begobs, and put 'em in jail.

BRIDGET

But I've only ten cents.

MIKE

Don't mind that, honey;
I'm raised to a sergeant; I've lots of money.

BRIDGET

So the clouds have all vanished, smiles followed
tears.

*(Clock, furniture, and kitchen utensils
enter as before)*

PARLOR CLOCK

Bridget, we've come here to give you three cheers.
The past we'll forget, forgiveness is holy;
Accept the blessings of the furniture lowly.

ALL

Three cheers for Bridget, we all wish her bliss.

(All cheer)

MIKE

Thanks to you all, I'll seal that with a kiss.

(Kisses Bridget)

BRIDGET

Thanks, thanks to you all, my love you shall share.
For good fortune has come from "Bridget's
Nightmare."

(Picture—Curtain)

NEW MUSICAL NOVELTIES FOR QUARTETS, CLUBS, SINGING SOCIETIES, ETC.

"THE TRUTH POTION."

By Arthur A. Penn.

Musical Sketch for Female Quartet.

A unique and entirely original musical sketch for ladies' quartet. One of the principal characters is that of the mysterious old woman (contralto) bearing the Truth Potion which she urges those around her to drink. She tells them it is Truth taken from the bottom of the well. In "The Truth Potion" there is more of real interest than is often found in longer and more elaborate dramas, and plenty of opportunity for real dramatic action and effects.

Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

"WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW."

By Arthur A. Penn.

Musical Sketch for Mixed Quartet and One Baritone.

The predominating theme in this sketch is love, which is cleverly carried through song, verse and prose. The subject is presented in a mock sentimental manner so as to be almost ludicrous, and never fails of producing laughter and applause from an audience. The songs are bright and pleasing, and, taken as a whole, "When the Lights Are Low" makes an interesting and successful entertainment.

Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

"BACHELORS AND BENEDICTS."

By Arthur A. Penn.

Musical Sketch for Male Quartet or Octet or for Glee Club.

A laughable short sketch for men's quartet. The songs are convivially humorous and catchy, and breathe of jolly good fellowship. They add snap and merri-ment to the entertainment, while the play on words is excellent. This sketch can be undertaken and carried out very successfully, with little trouble, as there are no costumes or scenic effects required.

Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

M. WITMARK & SONS

87 Witmark Bldg.

New York

POSITIVELY NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS AND SKETCHES

"THE EARTH CHILD."

By Jessie Gertrude Criste.

A Novel Pantomime Play for Children.

The charm of the fairy tale, which held us its willing captives as children, is reproduced in the Earth Child. The principal character, Hilda, is willfully disobedient, and when overtaken by the Brownies, is rescued from a deep sleep by the Fairies; and Golden Hair, reprimanding her for her disobedience, starts her on her homeward way. The situations are very pleasing and original, and it is a delightful entertainment that may be given very easily.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

"CHATTERTON."

A Dramatic Scene for 1 Male.

This is the life story of Chatterton, the poet, who died about 1770. It is a very beautiful and pathetic story, full of dramatic possibilities. It is easily played, and can be enacted in evening clothes with almost as much success as in costume and with all the stage accessories. Entirely different in style and treatment from the ordinary "dramatic recitation," and may well be termed a classic.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

"BARBARA'S DILEMMA."

Comedy in one act for 1 Female and 1 Boy.

(Can also be used as monologue without boy.)

A pretty little story of the caprices of a coquette who has three beaux on a string, and who, when she finally imagines she is going to lose all of them, makes her choice of the one she really loves the best and all ends happily. Full of dainty, delightful comedy touches, and a splendid opportunity for a comedienne.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

"THE BIRTH OF OLD GLORY."

A Betsy Ross Sewing Party.

This original dramatic sketch represents the nativity of the "Stars and Stripes" in the eventful year of 1776. The characters are the Goddess of Liberty, Betsy Ross, Uncle Sam, Columbia, and the Thirteen Original States, all of whom meet to sew and dedicate the first flag of the nation. This pretty entertainment, with its patriotic symbolism and musical and decorative features, is very desirable for young people of both sexes.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

M. WITMARK & SONS

87 Witmark Bldg.

New York

POSITIVELY NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

NOV 11 1913

MUSICAL PLAYS
"THE ANIMAL CONVENTION, OR THE BARNYARD PROTEST."

A charming entertainment introducing as characters the Rooster, the Horse, the Hog, the Gander, the Duck, the Sheep, the Cow, the Cat, the Dog, the Monkey, and the Parrot. May be performed with or without costumes or scenery. Each performer can wear around the neck a piece of ribbon to which can be attached a large card bearing in bold print the name of the animal represented; or the participants can wear appropriate masks. The animals' laments are most amusing and will afford no end of entertainment to both audience and performers. Written in verse, this delightful entertainment has proven to be very popular. It makes a valuable acquisition to an animal party.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

"THE WEATHER MAN'S DREAM; OR THE MEETING OF THE WINDS."

A Humorous Controversy.

This is a very "breezy" entertainment for young folks, and contains a strong element of novelty. The weather man calls in the North, South, East and West winds, and each explains his aim and objects with great effect. They are all eventually routed, the Weather Man along with them, by Mr. Cyclone, who, as usual, has his own way. The action of the piece, which may be done with or without costumes, is greatly enhanced by the use of incidental music and wind-whistles, the latter being employed with astonishing effect.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

"THE BARGAIN HUNTERS."

By Arthur A. Penn.

A Musical Satire published in operatic form, for 4 Males and 5 Females. Chorus ad libitum.

The theme of this bright little operetta is the bargain hunting craze; and the scene is laid in the waiting room of a large department store. Here the different characters meet and discuss the marvelous bargains they secured, and here also George Piper falls in love with his pretty cousin Peggy and wins her heart and hand, and Major Button takes under his protection for life, Miss Annie Oldthing, a bargain-hunting spinster. The story is worked out with bright and witty dialogue, and the musical setting is pretty and melodious, but not difficult to sing.

Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

M. WITMARK & SONS

37 Witmark Bldg.

3477-7883
Lot 74

New York

POSITIVELY NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

HARRY NEWTON'S ONE-ACT COMEDY SKETCHES AND MONOLOGUES

"DOWN IN PARADISE ALLEY."

An East Side episode for 1 male and 1 female, by
Harry L. Newton.

Tells a delightful story of a young college graduate who has fallen in love with Jerry O'Connell, a little East Side street singer, living in Paradise Alley, New York. A charming little playlet in which comedy and pathos are beautifully blended. The specialties introduced throughout the playlet are at the option of the performers.

Price, 25 Cents, Postpaid.

"AN INVITATION TO THE BALL."

A comedy sketch in 1 scene for 1 male and 1 female,
by Harry L. Newton.

Plenty of work and good comedy for Mose Johnson, a colored servant, and Birdie Birdsell, the daughter of his master, who has made up her mind to attend a masque ball with Mose in attendance.

Price, 25 Cents, Postpaid.

"A ROSE OF MEXICO."

A comedy-dramatic playlet of Mexican life, by
Harry L. Newton.

An original dramatic playlet for 1 male and 1 female, the scene of which is laid in Mexico.

The story is of absorbing interest centered around Carmita, a Mexican girl, recently returned from school in the United States. Pedro, a Mexican youth, has turned bandit in her absence to secure money enough to ask her to marry him. He discovers that she loves one Frank Carter, a young engineer. He threatens Carter's life and at the same time admits that he has stolen the pay roll, which Carter may be accused of stealing. By stratagem she obtains his bowie knife and revolver and compels him to give up the stolen money, saving her sweetheart's honor thereby.

Price, 25 Cents, Postpaid.

M. WITMARK & SONS

87 Witmark Bldg. New York

POSITIVELY NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

CHARLES DICKSON'S FAMOUS ONE-ACT PLAYS

(ROYALTY PRODUCTIONS.)

"THE SALT CELLAR."

Adapted from the French by Henry Doblin.

This delightful comedy of domestic life, originally played as a curtain raiser to "Incog" by Mr. Charles Dickson with Lillian Burkhart and Louis Mann. For years there has been a demand for this little play and we are sure the fact of its being released and published will be hailed with delight.

While "The Salt Cellar" is remarkably amusing, its great popularity rests upon the fact that it is so absolutely human. In this respect it may be called a veritable "chapter from real life."

It is the story of a hysterical little bride and her newly wedded husband and their first dinner in the new home, to which they have invited their old uncle. They have agreed never to quarrel with each other and are in the very ecstasies of their honeymoon, when the bride accidentally upsets the salt cellar at the dinner table and the old superstition with reference to the salt cellar involves them in one of the fiercest of domestic quarrels, which finally terminates with the complete subjugation of the new husband.

This play will live as long as human nature.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

"THE THIRD CHAPTER."

Adapted from the French by Charles Dickson.

This is an adaption from the French, the leading parts of which have been played by every prominent actor and actress on the French, German and English stage for the past fifty years or more. It is the most perfect example, in form and construction, of the one-act comedy extant and may be designated a classic.

There are other versions of this play in existence, but this is the version adapted by Mr. Dickson and played by him throughout America nearly one thousand times.

It is the best acting version of the comedy now known in the English language, the result of the many times that Mr. Dickson has played it.

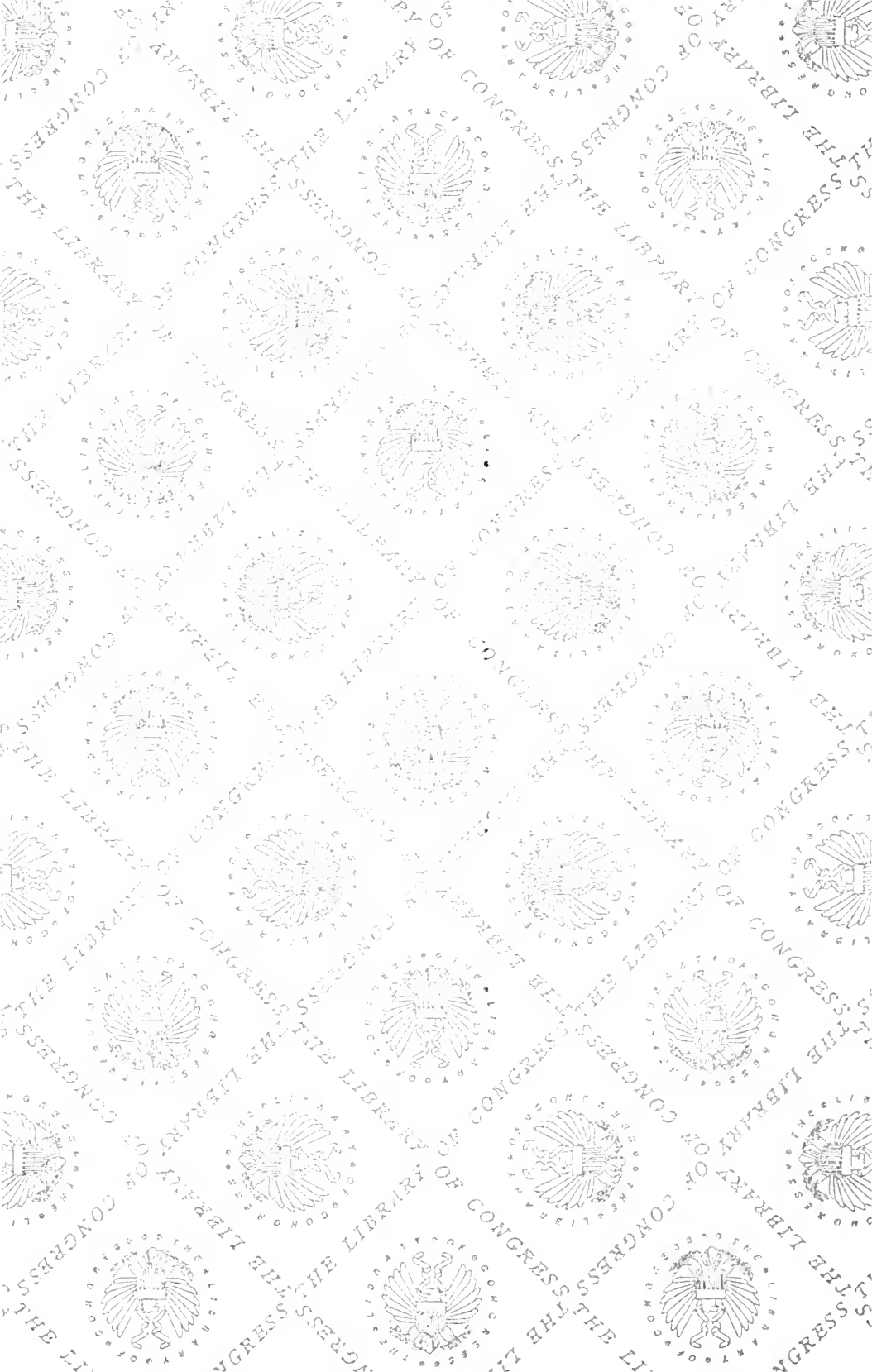
Price, 25 cents, postpaid

M. WITMARK & SONS

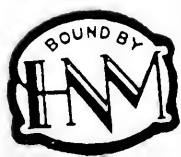
87 Witmark Bldg.

New York

POSITIVELY NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.



JUN 78



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 858 2